And in compaſſion, weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in Aſhes, ſome coale-blacke,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret, not unto the Tower.
And Madam, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwift ſpeed, you muſt away to *France*.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More than it is, ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he devide the Realme, and give thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant unrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little urg'd, another way,
To plucke him headlong from th' uſurped Throne.
The Love of wicked friends converts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one or both,
To worthy Danger, and deſerved Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leave, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly divorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betiwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me un-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a kiſſe 'twas made
Part us *Northumberland*: I, towards the North,
Where ſhivering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to *France*: from whence, ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet may;
Sent backe Hollowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.

Qu. And muſt we be divided? muſt we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Love) and heart frō heart.

Qu. Baniſh us both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Love, but little Pollicy.

Qu.

Qu. Then whither he goes thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe,
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for for thee here:
Better farre off, than nere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy way with ſighes, I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longeſt way ſhall have the longeſt moanes.

Rich. Twice for one ſtep ile groane, the way being ſhort,
And piece the way out with a heavy heart.
Come, come, in woing ſorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in griefe:
One kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes, and doubly part;
Thus give I mine, and thus thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Give me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I have mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtrive to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt let ſorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Dutcheſſe.

Dut. My Lord, you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Coſins comming into London.

Yor. Where did I leave?

Dut. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lord.
Where rude miſ-govern'd hands, from windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richards* head.

Yor. Then, as I ſayd, the Duke (great *Bullingbrooke*,)
Mounted upon a hot and fiery Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cri'd, God ſave thee *Bullingbrooke*,
You would have thought the very windowes ſpake,